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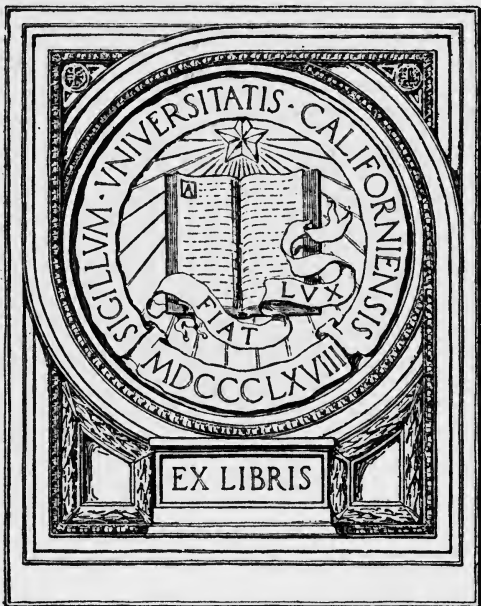


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# Songs of the Soul

HAREEN

GIFT OF



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Mrs Baldwin Harden







# **SONGS OF THE SOUL**









MAE BALDWIN HARDEN

# Songs of the Soul

*By*

**MAE BALDWIN HARDEN**



1918

**SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA**  
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TO MY FATHER  
JARED BALDWIN

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# INTRODUCTION

BY RAY W. HARDEN



The collection of verse contained within these covers was composed by the author, not for the purpose of merely producing poetry, nor of publishing a book; but through that mysterious force termed direct inspiration.

Mortal life is an experience of the soul wherein earthly happiness and knowledge are earnestly sought. During the struggle each must encounter more or less of suspense, disappointment and sorrow.

Who would cheer the sufferer must share the suffering. Devoting thought to universal sympathy often stirs the poetic instinct of a sensitive mind. Forms of thought, quickening within the mental nebula, find in rhythm of rhyme a material expression. Thus are emotions of Humanity translated.

In such inspirational manner the contents of this volume came to be written. The work is typical of life's vicissitudes, reflecting the varied impulses and passions as earth people live them.

The rugged progress of the soul is traced as it presses on toward the new dawn, in which extended consciousness of life's purposes will comfort struggling spirits.

So, approaching this still distant goal, these sentiments come; not with gay beguiling, but with proof that the initiations of earth-life are held in sympathetic comprehension by the author of these songs of the soul.



In the New Dawn

May  
Those  
for  
Whom  
the  
Winter  
of  
Life  
is  
Long  
and  
Cold

Find Blessed  
Peace and Comfort





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## FUTURE

Oh thou dark mysterious future,  
Tell me what thou hast in store,  
I would have the deeds unfolded,  
That must be, forever more.

I would bid thee sit beside me,  
Though thou art a thing to dread,  
Tell me all, for now in sorrow,  
Every earthly hope seems dead.

Oh thou cold, relentless future!  
Thou wilt answer not a word,  
Still forever, moving onward,  
Just as though thou hadst not heard.

Yet perchance, thou art far kinder  
To me now, than I may know,  
To withhold the pain, and anguish  
That thy countless pages show.

Hope may often be deceiving,  
Yet 'tis better than to learn  
That our joy has fled forever,  
And can never more return.

Leave me then, oh wild Impatience,  
Let me in this bitter hour  
Trust those things of future moment  
To a wise all-seeing Power.

## EVENING THOUGHTS

When the dewy shadows fall,  
And the night, her vigils keep;  
When the darkness reigns o'er all,  
And the world seems wrapped in sleep,  
Then come sad thoughts of the past,  
Hopes, that once looked bright and fair,  
Joys, that were too sweet to last,  
All have gone, I know not where.

Pain and sorrow come to mind  
When I think what might have been  
Had Fate to me been more kind,  
And the saddened heart, within,  
Wonders will it ever be—  
In the future far away,  
Will a blessing come to me?  
Will the night e'er turn to day?

Now alas! we cannot know  
What the coming years will bring,  
Whether happiness or woe;  
Mystery covers everything.  
All that's left us is to hope,  
For without hope, all is lost.  
Cruel Fate, we can't revoke,  
Though our bark by storm is tossed.

## TIRED

I am tired; so tired of waiting  
For that which will never be;  
Tired, so tired of longing  
For rest that is not for me.

Tired; so tired of bearing,  
The burdens of grief and pain.  
Tired of wishing and hoping,  
When hopes are all in vain.

Tired; so tired, of trying  
Life's weary work to do;  
Tired of forever dreaming  
Dreams that never are true.

Tired; so tired of striving,  
If nothing but sorrow will fall  
To my lot while here I'm living,  
Yes, so tired of it all.

## I HAVE A FRIEND

I have a friend who's constant, kind and true,  
My dearest friend;  
May all the joys that Heaven or earth imbue,  
Thy life attend.

I have a friend who's all in all to me,  
A friend most dear,  
Whose presence gives the greatest joy I see,  
My life most cheer.

I have a friend. Oh may kind Heaven above,  
All good things send  
To bless the one whom evermore I love,  
My more than friend.

## MY LOVE OF LONG AGO

Oh! long ago, in accents low,  
Love whispered unto me  
The sweetest words I e'er have heard—  
"I love thee, only thee."

The moon shone bright, my heart was light,  
No sorrow did I fear;  
Bright was the beam of love's sweet dream  
When love, my love, was near.

Oh happy hour! Oh wondrous power!  
That should such love bestow;  
Ah! ever true I'll be to you,  
My love of long ago.

And now at last, though years have passed  
And hearts are filled with grief,  
Sweet thoughts of thee will ever be  
A solace and relief.

Though all the while we may not smile,  
May not be glad and gay,  
Thy presence dear, my life doth cheer,  
And grief doth chase away.

Ah! love so true may bless but few,  
How great the joy to know  
Thy love of yore lives evermore,  
My love of long ago.

## "IF"

If, as you've walked the path of life,  
    You never have sorrow known,  
If you've escaped all care and strife,  
    And have made no bitter moan,  
You may be happy, glad and free  
    But you cannot understand  
What a trial your neighbor's life must be,  
    Who with grief walks hand in hand.

If you have much of this world's wealth  
    But have never worked and toiled;  
If you are blessed with the joy of health,  
    And your hands have never soiled,  
You may bow down in thanks to Heaven  
    For the gift of gold and land;  
But want with which the poor have striven  
    You never can understand.

If you've been always good and just,  
    And never a wrong have done,  
If you've been true to every trust  
    And kind toward every one,  
If you've been sinless from your youth,  
    No taunt nor jeering thrown,  
If you affirm all this with truth,  
    Then "Cast thou first the stone."



## SOMETHING

We may dream of some happy moment  
But when it comes and has passed  
There was "something" to vex and torment,  
So 'tis only a dream at last.  
We think of some coming day of joy  
And happiness, all our own;  
Yet there's always "something" to annoy  
And such happiness ne'er is known.

With eager thought we dream of the bliss  
That shall come to us bye and bye,  
Then "something" happens; the joy we miss  
But alas! we cannot tell why.  
There's always "something" our hopes to crush,  
No matter how real they seem,  
Yet the heart still beats to the magic rush  
Of some distant murmuring stream.

O imagined stream that shall bear along  
That something so eagerly sought  
Yet faileth not to bring something wrong  
Which maketh our pleasure naught.  
Oh! why should "something" bring care and strife  
When we think in our joy to rest?  
When there is something we miss in life  
Why should it seem dearest and best?

## GOLDEN HOURS

The golden hours of the future,  
Oh the happy joyous day,  
When the hopes and plans we nurture,  
In reality shall stay,  
Thus we dream away the morning  
And see not the joys that lie  
Scattered 'round us at the dawning  
We might find them if we'd try.

The past we have left behind us,  
It has gone beyond recall;  
The future is far beyond us,  
And may not be ours at all.  
The present then is ours alone,  
Strive to enjoy today;  
For a cheerful smile and gentle tone  
May drive much care away.

Each one in this world of sorrow  
Must bear some burden of grief.  
Think not of troubles tomorrow,  
Tomorrow may bring relief.  
Try to see the sunshine ever,  
Though cold and dark the way,  
For the future may give us never  
The golden hours of today.

## DAYS OF YORE

The sun may shine as bright,  
The birds sing just as sweet,  
The moon and stars come forth to light  
Our weary wand'ring feet.

But happy days of yore,  
When faith and hope were mine,  
Will to my heart come never more,  
Such peace around me twine.

Ah! then I thought the years  
Would all be bright and fair;  
I had no thought, no haunting fears  
That sorrow would be there.

I sang glad songs all day,  
My heart was free from care,  
I gathered flowers on my way,  
The garlands bright to wear.

But now that years have passed,  
Have brought more pain than joy;  
I know joy cannot always last  
Or be without alloy.

Yet e'en amidst the grief,  
I know there's love that's true,  
Though flowers will fade, must fall the leaf.  
And often friends are few.

I will not weep and moan,  
But take the joy that's given;  
I'll try to bear the pain alone,  
And leave it all to Heaven.

## LIFE'S JOURNEY

As through life you journey onward  
Many a day you'll see that's fair.  
Yet if darkness closes 'round you  
Don't give up to wild despair:  
Do not scorn to pluck the flowers,  
Though by noisome weeds they grow,  
Do not cast the sunshine from you,  
For too soon alas, 'twill go.

You cannot have the sunshine,  
Without the clouds and storm,  
And you cannot have the roses,  
Without the brier and thorn;  
Nor the gentle shade of evening,  
Without the noontide heat,  
For this world is full of brambles,  
As well as flowers sweet.

You must not expect your pathway  
To be strewn with flowers fair,  
For you'll surely find the thistles.  
Yet with diligence and care  
You may gather up the flowers,  
Fold them gently to your breast,  
Where the brier or the bramble  
May no more disturb their rest.

Do not let the night and darkness  
Fill your soul with dread despair,  
When the morn comes forth in brightness  
May not joy await you there?  
Bid "sweet hope, the bird so snowy,  
Fold her white wings 'round thy heart";  
Though sometimes you'll miss the sunshine,  
Yet light will not all depart.

## HOME UPON THE HILL

On the hill-side, softly shaded,  
A cottage nestled white;  
The sweet flowers bloomed and faded,  
The sun shone clear and bright;  
And the sounds of childish laughter  
That rang the glad refrain,  
Though 'tis many long years after,  
In mem'ry still remain.

Home,—where sisters' love and brothers'  
Were so dear to each one there—  
Where a kind and loving mother's  
And a tender father's care  
Made glad the little children's hearts  
Who played upon the lawn.  
But alas! the day of youth departs,  
And the children now are gone.

From their happy home of childhood,  
All have wandered far away;  
Yet the birds, the flowers, the wildwood,  
Are in my thoughts today;  
And as memory the tide doth stem,  
Tears start against my will,  
For I was one among them,  
Who played upon the hill.

Ah! youth cannot last forever,  
Those happy days will go,  
And our saddened hearts may never  
More, the faith of childhood know.  
Yet there's joy beyond all measure,  
Though now 'tis lone and still,  
In the thoughts that memory treasure  
Of the home upon the hill.

## ONE BY ONE

One by one, the days go by,  
Cloud then sunshine fills the sky;  
When hearts are sad the hours seem long,  
But short if spent in pleasure's throng.

One by one, the years roll on,  
After darkness comes the dawn.  
Though some may suffer deep distress,  
Yet peace and comfort others bless.

One by one, the seeds we sow  
Bring grief, or blessings, as they grow;  
We reap the tares with tears and pain  
Or gather golden sheaves of grain.

One by one, the burdens dark  
Come with pain, our lives to mark,  
Yet happy hours we all shall know,  
Enjoy them gladly, e'er they go.

One by one, some precious gift  
Is sent the drooping soul to lift,  
With grateful heart each one accept,  
Resign them bravely when bereft.

One by one life's duties all  
Must be accomplished, great and small,  
If we've done well we shall be blest,  
As one by one we go to rest.

## A SUPPLICATION

When life is o'er, and we are here no more  
Will the sun's effulgent rays  
Illuminate always  
The path we tread on that ethereal shore?

When we have passed the portals dark at last  
If there a voice we hear,  
Say "Fear not I am near,"  
Shall we in awe view all Thy splendors vast?

When friends we leave—from death there's no reprieve,  
If we by pure intent  
Shall be at last content,  
Oh may the loved ones left peace then retrieve.

Thy ways are wise, Thy mercy never dies,  
But Oh! our hearts are weak;  
From Thee more strength we seek  
Oh send us now Thy blessing from the skies.

## IF WE ONLY KNEW

If we only knew the sorrow,  
If we knew the care and pain,  
That the coming years would bring us,  
Would we wish to know again?  
When our hopes have fled and left us,  
Not a joy to heal the wound,  
And the castles we've erected  
All have crumbled to the ground.

Then there's time enough for grieving,  
For if we had known before,  
Life would be devoid of sunshine,  
Filled with darkness evermore.  
Could we've had the strength to battle,  
With the fierce storms overhead,  
Or gleaned one ray of brightness,  
From the hopes, that now lie dead?

If we only knew the morrow  
Would to us bring pain and woe,  
All the bitter grief we'd suffer,  
None on earth could ever know:  
It is best we should not know it,  
God is wiser far than we,  
And hath bid us bear with patience,  
Whatso'er our lot may be.



## SWEET SLEEP

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep,  
When the day's dull cares are o'er;  
Where all trouble, slight or deep,  
For a while we'll know no more.  
When the light again appears  
And another day's begun,  
Lesser trouble disappears  
'Neath the radiance of the sun.

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep,  
When our cares seem to increase;  
When life's sorrows o'er us sweep  
And the heart-ache ne'er doth cease,  
For in sleep we rest secure  
With our trials all forgot,  
There is nothing to endure  
When in dreams, we know them not.

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep;  
There all vexing thoughts are gone,  
Years of joy at once we keep  
In our dreams, 'twixt eve and dawn;  
Where grim poverty and pride  
Can no more our lives annoy,  
In those castles we abide  
Which our waking hours destroy.

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep,  
'Tis a blessing sent from God;  
There His children, though they weep,  
May find respite from the rod.  
Though we're oft severely tried,  
Yet, when all life's work is done,  
May the joy that's here denied  
In that long last sleep be won.

## "JUDGE NOT."

When we see some one, a neighbor,  
Doing wrong, as we may think;  
Though he shrink from honest labor  
And seems on destruction's brink,  
Do not say that he deserves to fall  
Or make darker still his lot,  
There's a wiser power above us all,  
'Tis for us to judge him not.

When we see some struggling one who tries  
It might seem, in vain to live,  
If we cannot help him to arise  
Words to harm him do not give—  
Though we are great, his resource small,  
And his life seems wrong and weak,  
Remember, God shall judge us all,  
Let us not our judgment speak.

We may not know the circumstance  
All the grief through which they've passed,  
We cannot tell what earthly chance  
May have caused their fall at last.  
But He who knows our every thought,  
Knows who's false, or who is true,  
He shall judge aright, if sin they've wrought,  
He shall judge us, me and you.

## LITTLE WORDS

Oh! how many times are harsh words spoken  
    Without a thought  
Of the cruel sting, or heart half broken  
    Such words have wrought.  
Ah! if we knew what pain they leave,  
With words no more our friends we'd grieve;  
Though we're forgiven and the past retrieve,  
    'Tis dearly bought.

How like incense sweet, is a gentle word  
    To weary hearts;  
When bowed with grief, and a kind voice is heard  
    Much pain departs.  
Then let us do what's in our power  
To cheer the soul, make bright the hour,  
It will on us far greater blessings shower  
    Than wealth imparts.

## FAIR ISLE

O'er the deep blue sea.  
How I long to glide,  
From the world I'd flee,  
Leave its cares and pride.  
On some fair sweet isle  
Full of joy serene  
I'd the hours beguile  
Amid nature's scene,  
Where from waving trees  
Comes the silvery note  
Wafted on the breeze  
From the songster's throat  
While the brooklet's flow  
Mingles with the sound  
And sweet zephyrs blow,  
Bringing rest profound.  
Oh fair isle to thee  
Would I haste away  
O'er the deep blue sea  
In thy bowers to stray—  
By thy murm'ring stream  
Fragrant flowers grow  
There to live and dream,  
Oh I fain would go.

## HOPE

What would life be to us without hope?  
O thou radiant beacon of light!  
With life's myst'ries we better may cope  
When thy brightness illumines the night.  
In all grief laden hearts hope doth dwell  
Though it may often seem to have fled  
Dark despair from the soul it dispels  
And around us Joy's mantle doth spread.

Though our hearts may no more be as light  
As in halcyon days of our youth,  
Yet in day dreams there comes to our sight  
Visions dearer than life's sternest truth.  
Though we feel disappointment's keen sting,  
Joy eludes us and pleasures flee fast,  
Though friends fail us and fortune takes  
wing  
Yet hope ever remains till the last.

O thou priceless, thou eternal boon!  
Life is naught with thy guiding star set;  
All around us, thy low restful tune  
Tells of light—we the darkness forget.  
Though 'tis hard to see clearly the way  
When our hopes here so oft prove in vain  
Yet it cheers and makes brighter the day  
When we hear thy endearing refrain.

## THAT TIME HAS PASSED

I can no more know grief so wild and weird  
As once swept o'er me, with its chilling blast,  
No joy nor sorrow nor all things endeared  
Can move me now as then; that time has passed.

Yes it is o'er, and with a life subdued  
I view the wreck devoid of sail or mast;  
I rave no more, though with a strength renewed  
The foaming billows dash; that time has passed.

Tossed by the waves, by angry breakers flung  
Relentlessly, upon the rocks I'm cast;  
Though from the spirit every hope be wrung  
Yet will I murmur not; that time has passed.

I look toward the dark horizon's bar,  
Yet see no gleam amid the darkness vast,  
Calmly await the warnings from afar;  
I neither hope nor fear; that time has passed.

## WAITING, YES WAITING.

We're waiting, yes waiting, from morn until eve  
While each dreary day the same burden doth leave,  
Forever imploring some unforeseen fate  
To enable us calmly, with patience to wait.

Waiting, yes waiting; how patience is taxed  
As we wearily struggle with smiles unrelaxed,  
To hide from the world what we fain would have hidden  
While time moveth slowly on wings that are leaden.

Waiting, yes waiting, for unfulfilled hope  
To crown us with blessings. How wide is the scope  
Of our ideal visions! yet oft they allure,  
Then trials seem harder for us to endure.

Waiting, yes waiting, "The mills slowly grind,"  
He who steadfastly waiteth a treasure may find;  
Yet many have waited to reap at the last,  
The seeds of regret for the years that are past.

Waiting, yes waiting; how long must we wait?  
Living lives of suspense, while we anticipate  
Some circumstance better wherein we are blest;  
Thereby ever striving to still our unrest.

## COME SUMMER DAYS

Autumn's golden days have passed;  
With us now is Winter's blast,  
Frozen earth and frigid sky,  
With the snow flakes whirling by.  
Phantom scenes from Winter's gone  
'Round me seem to glide along,  
How the ghostly spectral train  
Fills my heart with silent pain.

Come O Spring! with balmy breath,  
Chase away this chill of death!  
Come, O come! with crystal showers,  
Buds and blossoms, birds and flowers.  
Could I hear thy murm'ring trees,  
Catch the sweetly scented breeze,  
I might then forget the pain,  
Find in mem'ry a sweeter strain.

Come O fairest Summer days!  
With thy hours of dreamy maze,  
'Round me then from mem'ry's hall  
Sweeter echoes lightly fall;  
From the flower decked earth arise  
Songs aeolian to the skies;  
Brighter shine hope's glim'ring rays  
In the fair sweet Summer days.



## IS IT WORTH THE COST?

What have we attained,  
Toiling all the day?  
Have we hope sustained  
On life's weary way?  
Some loved boon to gain  
We've o'er torrents tossed  
If won, through years of pain  
Is it worth the cost?

Something to achieve  
Martyrdom we bear;  
Then reap at last dead leaves  
And withered blossoms wear.  
Oft for love alone  
All beside is lost,  
When indifferent grown  
Is it worth the cost?

Toiling wearily on  
Dreaming of a time  
Of rest, when years have gone  
In some more genial clime;  
Longing for a gleam,  
To fall our path acrost  
If fulfilled—the dream,  
Is it worth the cost?

Lofty heights we climb  
With lacerated hand—  
Shall we hear joy's chime  
If at the top we stand?  
Would the voice of fame  
Pay for all we've lost?  
Would we prize a name—  
Is it worth the cost?

## 'TIS LONE, SO LONE.

'Tis lone, so lone, from morn till eventide;  
Contentment, O why wilt thee not abide?  
With fleeting step why leave the ingleside?  
O mortal soul! art thou ne'er satisfied?

'Tis lone, so lone, from eve till break of day;  
O mystic realm! where is thy power to stay  
The restless spirit: night stealeth away;  
Dreamland's bright vision! why doth thou delay?

'Tis lone, so lone, since faintly was descried  
The first bright gleam on which the soul relied;  
Inspiring thoughts the soul to heart confides  
For one brief moment! e'er the light has died.

'Tis lone, so lone, O arid years that roll  
Mournfully on; for buried hopes ye toll;  
With what regret ye fill the fainting soul  
As with a weary step we near our goal.

## LONG AGO AT HOME

O do you remember those days still?

Long ago at home;

When we climbed the steep and mossy hill?

Long ago at home;

There upon the lilac scented breeze

Came the hum of honey laden bees,

While birds warbled sweetly from the trees,

Long ago at home.

Can you see the vine-clad cottage, where

Long ago at home,

Happily we dwelt without a care?

Long ago at home;

Gaily rambling over hill and dale,

Plucking wild flowers in the shady vale

We were sheltered from the storm and gale,

Long ago at home.

Smoothly gliding o'er the silver stream,

Long ago at home;

Youth has softly dreamed a fair bright dream,

Long ago at home;

Though the dreams like summer birds have flown,

Memory's echoes fainter now have grown,

Ne'er forgotten, is the joy we've known

Long ago at home.

## YOUTH'S DREAM

When youthful minds, like buds unfold,  
A blissful dream is theirs untold;  
A paradise by love enhanced  
They see; and gaze the while entranced  
Nor see the darksome cloud arise,  
That soon may spread o'er fair blue skies.

They draw an easy breath, and smile;  
Nor pause to wonder, yet awhile  
Why we are here to live and die,  
Why tears so often dim the eye;  
Just their fair world with naught between  
Is all they see of life's great scene.

Ah youth, 'twere well ye saw it not!  
That naught should mar thy blissful lot,  
As on a light and airy wing  
Ye soar in sweet imagining;  
For soon the lowering hueless gray  
May chase the azure tints away.

When whirling winds with sobbing sound  
Vie with the storms, that drench and drown  
That purer sense of sweet content  
Which in thy placid smile finds vent;  
Then ye shall know a sterner fate,  
For mortals here predominate.

Though calm may come from out the whirl  
And threatening clouds their mists unfurl,  
Yet when ye fain would mend the skein  
Of circumstance, t'were all in vain;  
The blissful dream is gone and all  
That thou shalt hear, is duty's call.

## REST

Rest, O rest!  
Come to me for I am tired;  
That which once I most desired  
Liveth in the long ago;  
Twilight nears, I weary grow;  
Come, O rest!

Peace, sweet peace!  
Let thy soothing power pervade  
Through the darkling evening shade;  
Make thy presence felt and known  
In the heart that's tired grown,  
Seeking peace.

Vanished dreams!  
Of the past thy memory thrills,  
Voiceless echoes naught e'er stills,  
Thy illusive spell hath wrought  
In the heart a deeper thought—  
Dear lost dreams!

Oh content  
Let not elating dreams arise  
Which here I ne'er shall realize;  
But may I find a rest profound  
Living a life wherein is found  
E'en content.

Only rest!  
I ask for thee, and thee alone;  
Knowing the dim uncertain tone  
Of seeming joys, which soon disclose  
A discontent: in deep repose  
I would rest.

## WHAT I WOULD ASK FOR THEE

From all the gifts of life no jeweled crown  
I'd choose for thee; nor yet the world's renown;  
For those things rarely give what most we prize  
But oft deceive us by their fair disguise;  
The gift I'd ask for thee would ever bless.  
'Tis may life always bring thee happiness.

Life's happiness cannot be bought with gold  
E'en when attained 'tis difficult to hold,  
For certain penalties we all must pay  
Who know its joys.. For all things fade away.  
Then would I ask for thee a true content—  
Life's happiness without its punishment.

It is a gift that is possessed by few,  
The rarest gift of earth I ask for you.  
And having gained it what could one gain more,  
Though fame were his, or wealth in bounteous store?  
In asking this I ask all life can give  
Or Heaven bestow on mortals while we live.

## ELYSIUM

If there another's love was like our own;  
Changeless while life should last,  
Or time be known;  
Where kindest thoughts in constant interchange  
Dwelt in the hearts that nothing could estrange—  
And we could live in pure felicity  
The humblest cot a paradise would be.

## TO A DEPARTING FRIEND

Dearest friend, thy steps are turning  
Far away,—I must remain;  
I am for thy presence yearning,  
With a grief naught can restrain.  
Yet thy deeds of constant kindness,  
Ever shall my thoughts pervade;  
Tears will dim mine eyes to blindness  
When from sight thy form shall fade.

Friends are few, and often fleeting;  
But to me, thou'st ever been  
All sufficient—each thought meeting  
A response, my soul within.

Selfish thoughts O let me banish,  
For there are none in thy heart,  
From thy soul they ever vanish,  
In thy life they hold no part.

Why am I from sorrow shrinking  
Who have long its pathway trod?  
Not alone the dregs I'm drinking,  
Thou hast too passed 'neath the rod.

When the weeks to months are creeping,  
And through silent hours I dream  
Dreams that come not while I'm sleeping  
But like mindful spirits seem,

I shall know of what thou'rt thinking,  
Though wide lands between us roll;  
Sympathy is ever linking  
Thy dear thoughts, within my soul.

Wheresoe'er thy steps are wending,  
May a blessing follow fast;  
May Fate with thy life be blending  
Sweetest harmonies, at last.

Not until again I meet thee  
Somewhere in this world so wide,  
Not until thy voice shall greet me,  
Will my heart be satisfied.



## WHAT DOES LIFE GIVE

What does life give that can atone for all the dreary years  
Borne forbearingly in silence while the heart were full of tears;  
Whence comes a hope sustaining that doth live to recompense  
For all that's lost and buried in the shadows dark and dense  
When memory has numbered every pleasure o'er again,  
What is it all, and where a joy the heart can e'er retain.

The world may smile enticingly, fling gifts with lavish hands,  
Yet if they are accepted, an exacting price demands;  
A price not paid with gold nor gems—their wealth will not  
suffice,  
For Fate is inexorable, and heart the sacrifice.  
Yet oft 'tis valued carelessly, sometimes scorned bitterly;  
Those who grasp the greatest pleasures suffer pain as penalty.

Life gives the heart a wish for love, desire for sympathy,  
Yet many souls awaketh late, arise from lethargy  
To meet a bliss that's brief, and soon wrapped in appalling  
gloom  
They bear a grief that time can only hush within the tomb.  
Fate, thou art strong, weak mortals here no triumphs o'er thee  
gain,  
For though they cling to duty, thou hast power to give them  
pain.

The human mind, aspiring, oft may gain immortal fame.  
Yet however great or noble, time leaveth but a name.  
A little joy life giveth with a vast amount of grief  
From which though great the struggle, one gaineth small relief.  
Life's but a breath, a vapor, like a bubble quickly goes;  
And all know disappointment from its morning till its close.

## WHY SHOULD IT MATTER?

Why should it matter how much hath been lost?  
The story is ended, and bitter the cost:  
Only the ashes of colorless gray  
Tell how consuming, the fire that held sway.  
Close the book softly and lay it aside;  
How hast thou fallen, O once regal pride!

Bear it all silently, e'en though the heart  
Throbbing with torture, asunder should part;  
Useless is pleading, 'twere vain to implore  
For that which naught e'er again will restore;  
Light giveth way to the darkness o'er head,  
Yet why should it matter, when hope lieth dead?

Cast a dark pall o'er the pitiless past,  
Where is there aught with endurance to last?  
Bury it all in the deep darksome earth,  
Back to the dust that hath given it birth;  
Once more resuming the same weary strain,  
What's more enduring than sorrow and pain?

Crush back the yearning that filleth the soul;  
When hath a mortal yet reached his fair goal?  
Even though happiness seem within grasp,  
Still it forever evadeth the clasp;  
Hope's joyful greetings now cometh no more;  
Yet why should it matter, 'twill all soon be o'er.





## THE INDIAN WARRIOR

With piercing eye upon the rocky peak  
    He gazes o'er the mountain stream and plain,  
His soul aflame—his nature never meek,  
    Forbids that he should savage ire restrain.  
This land so fair, was once his Fatherland,  
    The home that God had given his ancient race.  
But man hath driven him far from ocean's strand,  
    To seek anew a transient hiding place.

There is within his wild, untutored mind,  
    Desire for vengeance on his ruthless foes.  
His hand is raised alike 'gainst all mankind;  
    He seeks the pale face wheresoe'er he goes.  
Though crushed and driven back, he ne'er will be  
    Subdued nor conquered, nor shall peace be found  
For his ungoverned spirit until he  
    Finds rest within the happy hunting ground.

## OH TO FORGET!

Oh to forget; when will it cease,—  
All this discord that hath no harmony;  
Wild is the tune, discordant the key,  
Will the notes e'er sound a sweet song of  
peace?

Oh to forget; O to be free  
From the confusion that reigneth supreme;  
Free from the dark turbulent stream  
That beareth the soul to a fathomless sea.

Oh to forget those lucid dreams  
That mem'ry exhumes and discloses to view;  
Those mystical hopes time doth undo,  
And promises fair that life never redeems.

Oh to forget; O to live true—  
True unto conscience, and true to the heart;  
Daring to bid deception depart,  
Nor fearing when truth is given in lieu.

Oh to forget thoughts that impart  
Unceasing pain to the sensitive mind,  
That hath not been permitted to find  
Existence, where duty accords with the  
heart.

## LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS

The heavens look dark; the storm is wildly beating  
Against the panes; the winds with wailing cry  
Shriek 'round the gables; yet night's surely creeping  
Toward the morn, the darkness soon must die.

Though tempests roar, and vivid lightning flashing  
Leaves deeper darkness when the brief light dies,  
It will not last; the rain in torrents dashing,  
Shall be succeeded by fair azure skies.

So may it be, that all the bitter weeping  
Shall sometime cease, as cease tempestuous gales,  
And latent joy, that now is only sleeping,  
Shall wake the chords where harmony prevails.

Then, weary soul, look for a beacon's gleaming,  
When life's frail craft is tossed by foam lashed waves,  
Some guiding light at last may cast its beaming  
O'er the sad heart, and grant the rest it craves.

Though long hath been the watching, and the waiting,  
Through years whose days have worn the gloom of  
night,  
The fury of the storm is now abating,  
Perchance there may at last shine forth a light.

Hope on, hope on; e'en now the gloom is fading,  
A faintly glimmering light may be discerned;  
Oh may its brightness, future years pervading  
Yield joy, that hath been through endurance earned.

## RETROSPECT

Would I wish again to be a child? Ah no!  
For then I needs must live them o'er again  
Those years which have been fraught with so much  
    pain;  
Must once more climb the hill, in swift pursuit  
Of pleasure, whose voice is silent now and mute.  
But hope is high in youth—Ah me! how could I know.

If we could tread life's path again and know  
Just where it lead—could see the strife, turmoil  
And misery—'twould make the bravest heart recoil;  
Could see our shattered idols, as they are,  
Just made of common clay like to ourselves, 'twould  
    mar  
All earthly pleasures, which at best are few.



## THEN AND NOW.

Yes we were happy then when youth was with us  
Nor did we pause to ponder blessings o'er,  
We dreamed our dreams, believing life would give us  
Abundant harvests from the world's vast store;  
We dreamed of love and joy with naught to grieve us  
With nothing lost, where all to us was gain.  
Alas! that dreams so fair should fail and leave us  
To mortal agony and bitter pain.

We could not see beyond the present's brightness  
The gloom that filled the future's vast expanse;  
Our hearts were full of innocence and lightness,  
We thought each day would but our joy enhance;  
Our eyes saw not the thorny path we'd follow,  
Nor did we dream of bitter tears we'd shed.  
Life then to us was not so false and hollow  
That lips should smile to cover pain and dread.

But now alas we've learned the bitter lesson,  
Now youth's departed and our hopes have flown.  
How memory haunts us as we strive to press on  
Toward the goal—with weary step—alone.  
The evening finds us strangely worn and shaken,  
The voices we have loved have silent grown,  
Sad thoughts come first to greet us when we waken  
And all remind us that our summer's flown.

Then we with bounding pulses, hearts of gladness,  
Saw only brightness for the coming years.  
Now we know all that intervened of sadness  
And bowed us low with grief and falling tears,  
Then we desired to mold our fate, and rather  
Guide our own footsteps than be led by Thee.  
Now we would only ask that Thou, O Father,  
Wouldst lead us onward o'er life's troubled sea.

## TO A SON

A mother's pride is in her son,  
And if high honor he should win  
And fame and fortune smile on him,  
    Her heart's desire is won.  
Yet should the world see naught to praise  
Nor find a merit to proclaim,  
Though fortune frown, through all his days,  
    Her love remains the same.

## THE GIFT OF YOUTH.

A charm is thine, a gift of priceless worth,  
I too possessed it once, yet deemed it naught  
But wished the years to pass, that o'er the earth  
I might pursue the happiness I sought.

Enjoy thy childhood; ere the fleeting hour  
Shall bear the charm away in very truth  
Where nothing e'er again shall have the power  
To give it thee—that priceless gift of youth.

## THE OLD MILL STREAM

Through all the miles that intervene  
O'er mountains clad with snow,  
I trace the years that lie between  
Me and the long ago.  
As memory leads me o'er the strand,  
I catch the water's gleam—  
Again upon the bank I stand  
Beside the old mill stream.

Once more I walk the village street,  
I climb the steep hillside;  
With joy I seek my old retreat,  
Within the shadows wide.  
Thought builds anew the castles fair,  
Oh bright illusive dream  
Of youth! devoid of every care,  
Beside the old mill stream.

Those years have passed and on my day  
The twilight shadows fall:  
Yet o'er the hard and toilsome way  
Thy mercy covers all.  
Though far away we all now roam,  
Yet often, as I dream,  
I meet the ones I loved at home,  
Beside the old mill stream.

## FATE'S TRIUMPH

Deep from the heart, the same rebellious cry  
Hath issued forth, from dreary year to year;  
With bitter murmurings that will never die,  
Against a fate that's but a living lie;  
Yet now, as from the first, triumphantly  
That fate remains; nor heedeth time nor tear.

Those inner thoughts within the troubled mind  
Repeatedly the ways and means rehearse;  
Yet in decrees of fate no solace find,  
Whose edict is most cruelly unkind,  
And whose dark fetters often strongly bind  
A life unto a life, though 'tis a curse.

What human power can set the fates aside?  
Why hearken to an oft conflicting thought  
That only raiseth hope, to soon deride  
As too unrealistic to abide;  
O heart canst thou not learn,—be satisfied,  
That 'tis beyond the reach what ye have sought?

O tired feet, now rest ye in despair,  
For ye have trod life's dreary path in vain;  
O weary hands that signs of labor wear,  
How gladly would ye toil, if only there  
With thee were love the woe and weal to share,  
And yet it is a boon thou canst not gain.

Turn, weary soul, to the declining sun,  
'Tis sinking 'neath the far horizon's crest;  
So also is thy course now nearly run;  
Through all the years of pain, what hath been won?  
'Tis not to be,—close now sad eyes, and rest.

## STORM TOSSED

When the clouds have gathered o'er us,  
And we miss the light of day;  
When their shadows lie before us,  
Making difficult the way—  
When we are by darkness hovered  
Let us not forget 'tis true,  
Silver Linings oft are covered  
By the clouds of blackest hue.

When our pathway seems to lengthen  
Far beyond the fading light,  
If we persevere, 'twill strengthen,  
There can be no endless night.  
Through experience all are learning,  
Keep the light of hope ahead;  
For the lane that has no turning  
Is a long one—it is said.

When the burdens that we carry  
Seem beyond our strength to bear,  
Yet we may not rest nor tarry  
In the darkness any where;  
When we think the light will never  
Shine again—that hope is gone.  
Then remember, that 'tis ever  
Darkest, just before the dawn.

## THY WILL

I've lived my life, the clouds have drifted by  
That in my youthful hours had seemed so  
fair  
And those whose darkness covered all the  
sky,  
Have also vanished in the ether air;  
And yet to tread the ordinary way  
Is harder far, though wind and gale lies  
low,  
For bliss and sentiment has had its day,  
Yet since it is Thy will—then be it so.

Now memory leads me back to other years,  
Oh happy years! The shadows lightly fall,  
Storms are unheeded, and there are no fears  
Within my heart, for love is all in all  
And walks beside me. There's another clasp.  
A childish hand, my baby boy's—When lo!  
The dream has faded from my eager grasp  
Yet since it is Thy will—then be it so.

The sun has sunk to rest, the twilight cold  
Casts but a fitful gleam across my way.  
The light is fading—I am growing old;  
Lead me my Father, unto Thee I pray;  
The unknown path—why should I fear it  
now,  
Thy way is best, at last I've learned to  
know.  
In resignation unto Thee I bow,  
For since it is Thy will—then be it so.

## A NEW DAWN

Happier days surround us,  
Those of the past have gone.  
Loftier thoughts around us  
Tell of a soft new dawn;  
Memories of grief and passion  
Sink 'neath the ocean vast,  
While peace in her own calm fashion  
Surges the soul at last.

Out in the vast forever  
Whither we all are bound,  
Lingers the good, that never  
Lacking in love is found.  
Looking with clearer vision  
Into the past, we find  
T'was but a needed mission  
To strengthen and build the mind.

While in the living presence  
Of those who are unseen,  
We drink the purer essence,  
And on greater wisdom lean;  
Soon with the veil uplifted  
We'll wider knowledge gain—  
When the clouds have all been rifted,  
Life's mysteries will be plain.





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